



Livin' the Good Life



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Chapter 1 by Jacqueline

There is always that rich girl at school and you think, "She's living a good life." You might think she has tons of friends that actually want to be her friends because of her qualities not her money.

Well that might be the case but for me it wasn't. I was rich, I'm not gonna deny it. And I still am, now I'm the rich you think you see. The rich you want to see. The rich your mind somehow creates. When your imagination picks up. When you ride off into the sunset on that imagination. That imagination is your horse and you just say "He-hah!"

I guess I always loved books because I felt like I was in them. I felt like a hero, every book I read I felt more and more like a hero. But I wasn't. At school I was a snob. When I denied that I was a snob I would walk into our huge library pick up a book and read. I read to get away from the fact that I was a filthy rich brat.

My real friends were rich, the ones who wanted to be friends with me because of my money weren't. My twin sister always got the attention at school though. Even though I had pretty much every Moncler and Burberry piece of clothing I could get my hands on, coach purse. ANYTHING, it just didn't feel right. I guess my parents never paid attention to me. I would always try to make them see me. I didn't want to be in the shadows. Hmph, Tough luck rich kid.

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